# Six

# *Celebrated Songs*

Adapted for the

## PIANO FORTE, HARPSICHORD

## VIOLIN & GERM$^{N}$. FLUTE,

*Composed in an Elegant Stile by the following*

*Eminent Masters,*

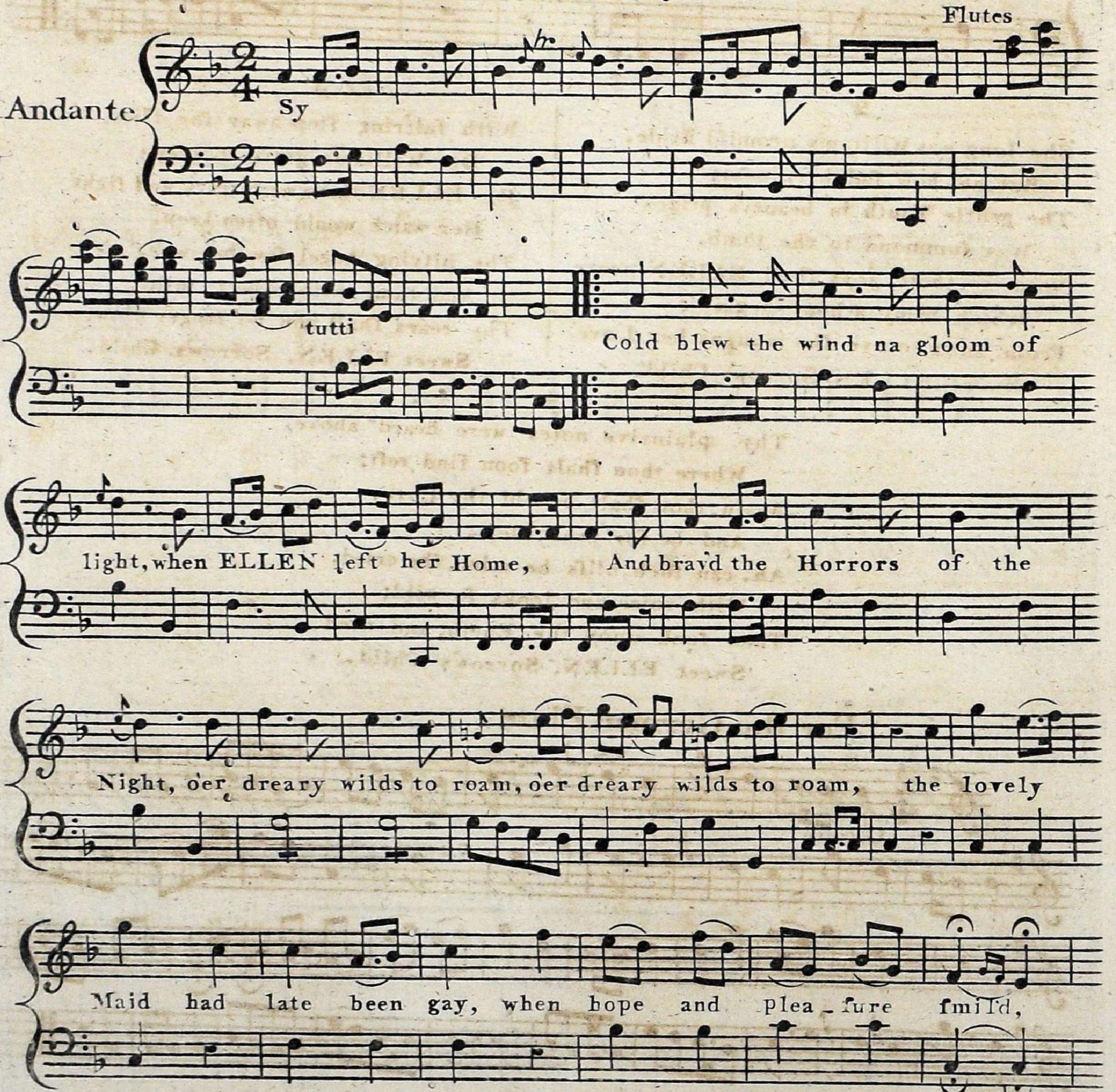
## *Pleyel, Giordani & Martini.*

Book. 1st. Price. 3$^{s}$.0

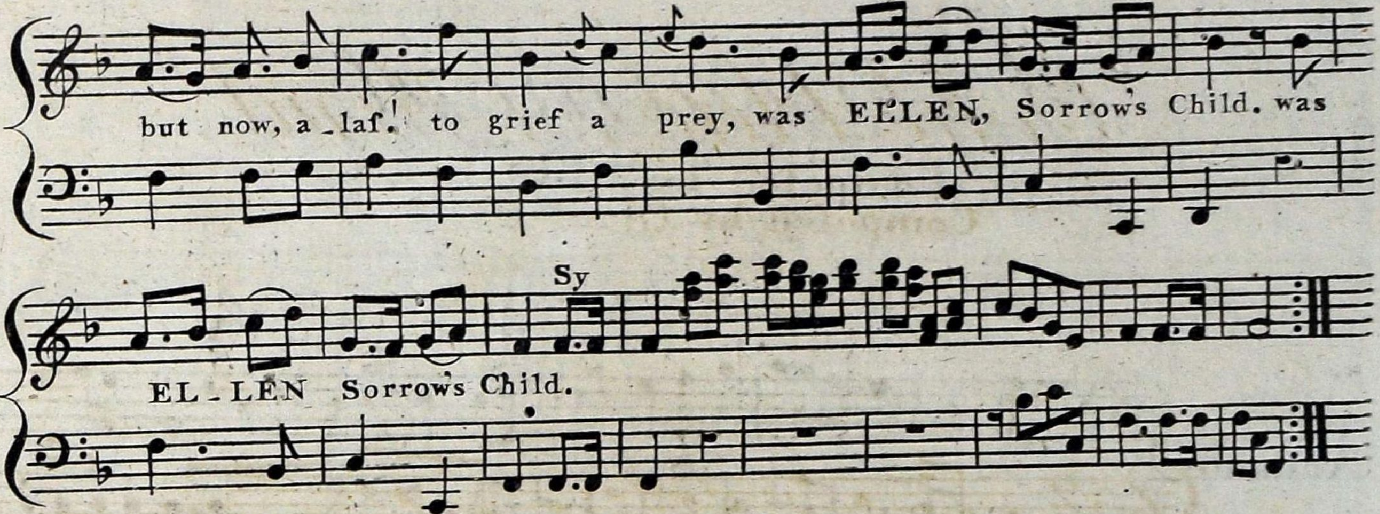
*Printed for C. Wheatstone, N$^{o}$. 83. S$^{t}$. James's Street. near the Palace.*

# Cold blew the Wind,

**Composed by Giordani**




70




2

She long was William's promiſd Bride,
But, ah! how ſad her doom;
The gentle Youth in beauty's pride,
Was ſummon'd to the tomb.
No more thoſe joys ſhall ELLEN prove,
Which many a hour beguil'd;
From morn to eve ſhe mourns her Love,
Sweet ELLEN, Sorrow's Child.

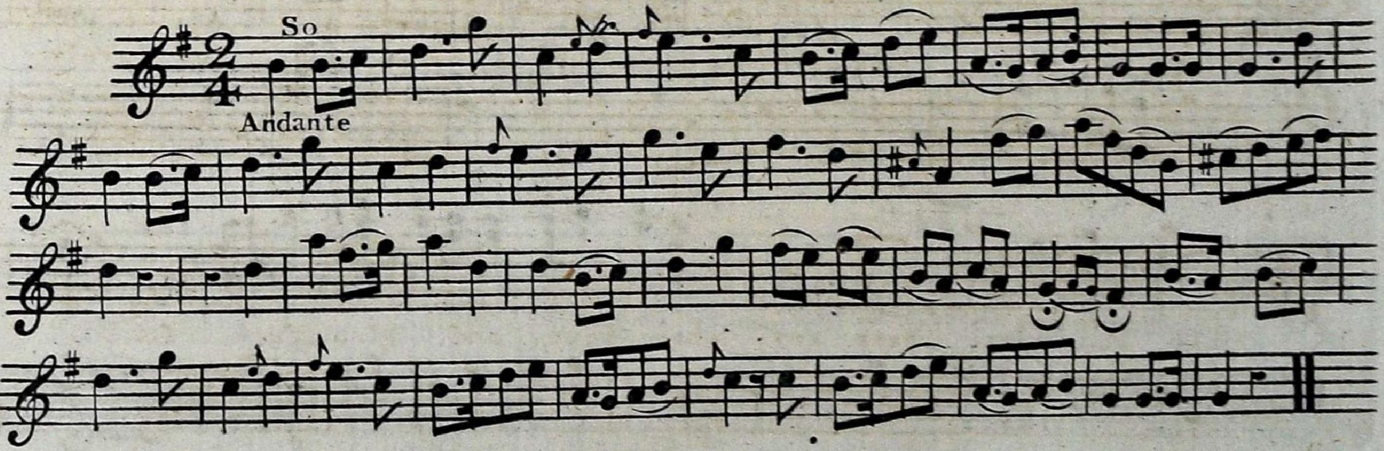
3

With falt'ring ſtep away ſhe flies,
O'er William's grave to weep;
For ELLEN there with tears and ſighs
Her watch would often keep.
The pitying Angel ſaw her woe,
And came with aſpect mild;
Thy tears ſhall now no longer flow,
Sweet ELLEN, Sorrow's Child.

4

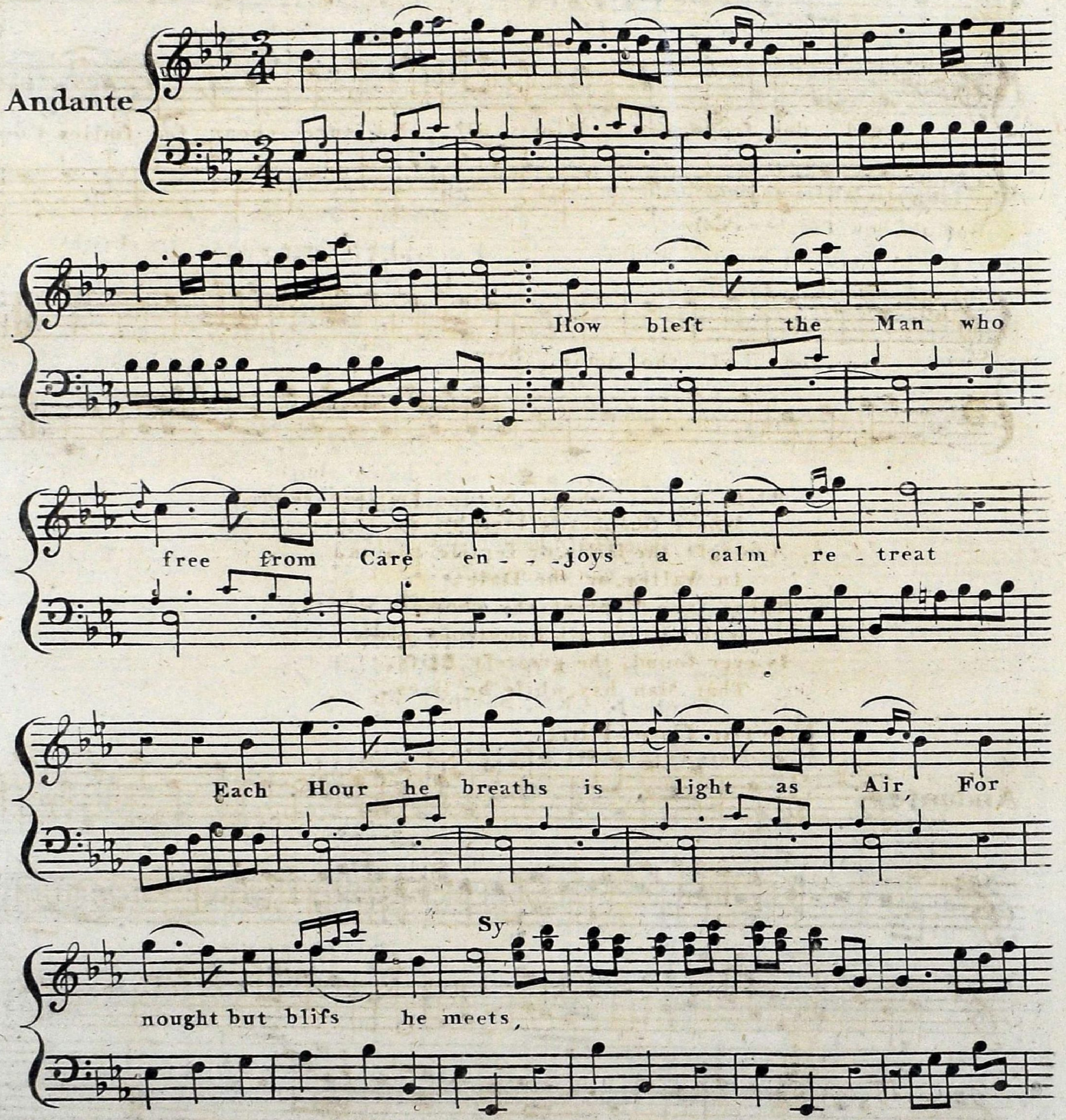
Thy plaintive notes were heard above,
Where thou ſhalt ſoon find reſt;
Again thou ſhalt behold thy Love,
And be for ever bleſt.
Ah! can ſuch bliſs be mine, ſhe cried,
With voice and looks ſo wild;
Then ſunk upon the Earth, and died
Sweet ELLEN, Sorrow's Child.

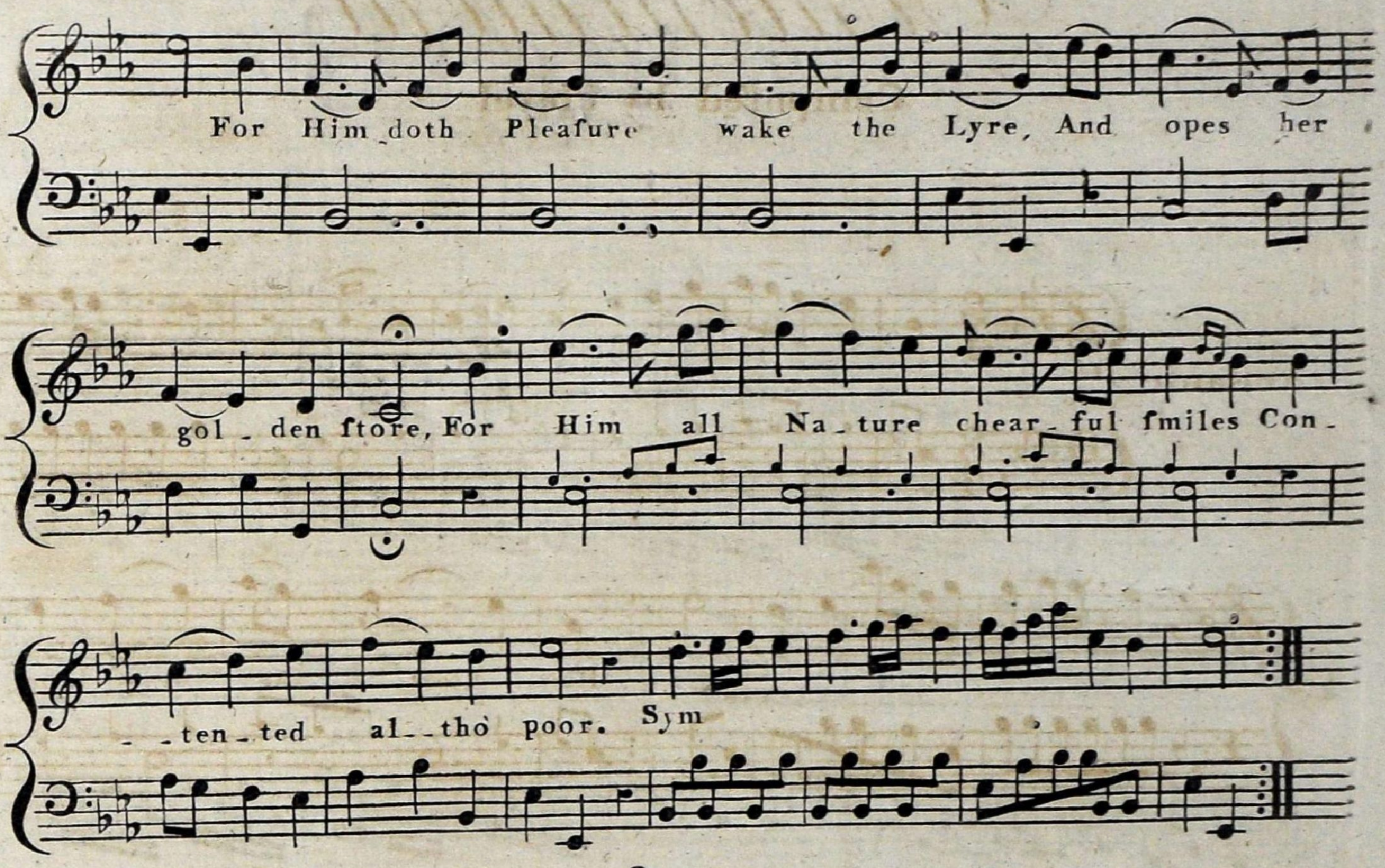
## For the German Flute



# Contentment

**Composed by Pleyel**

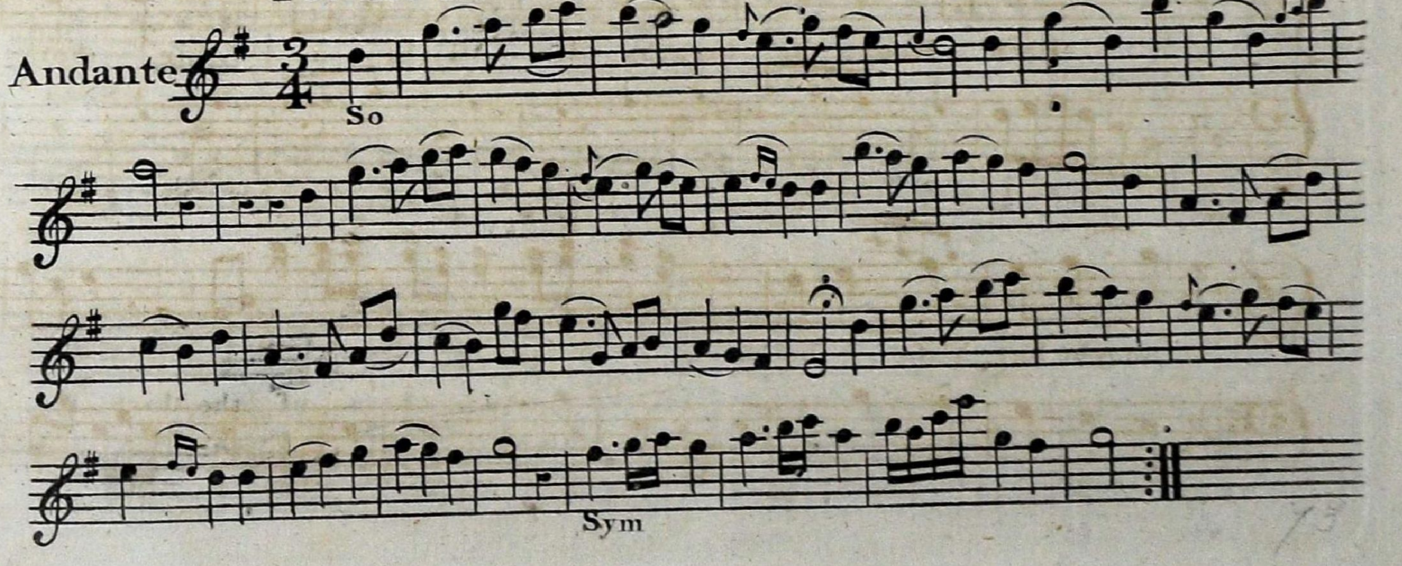





2

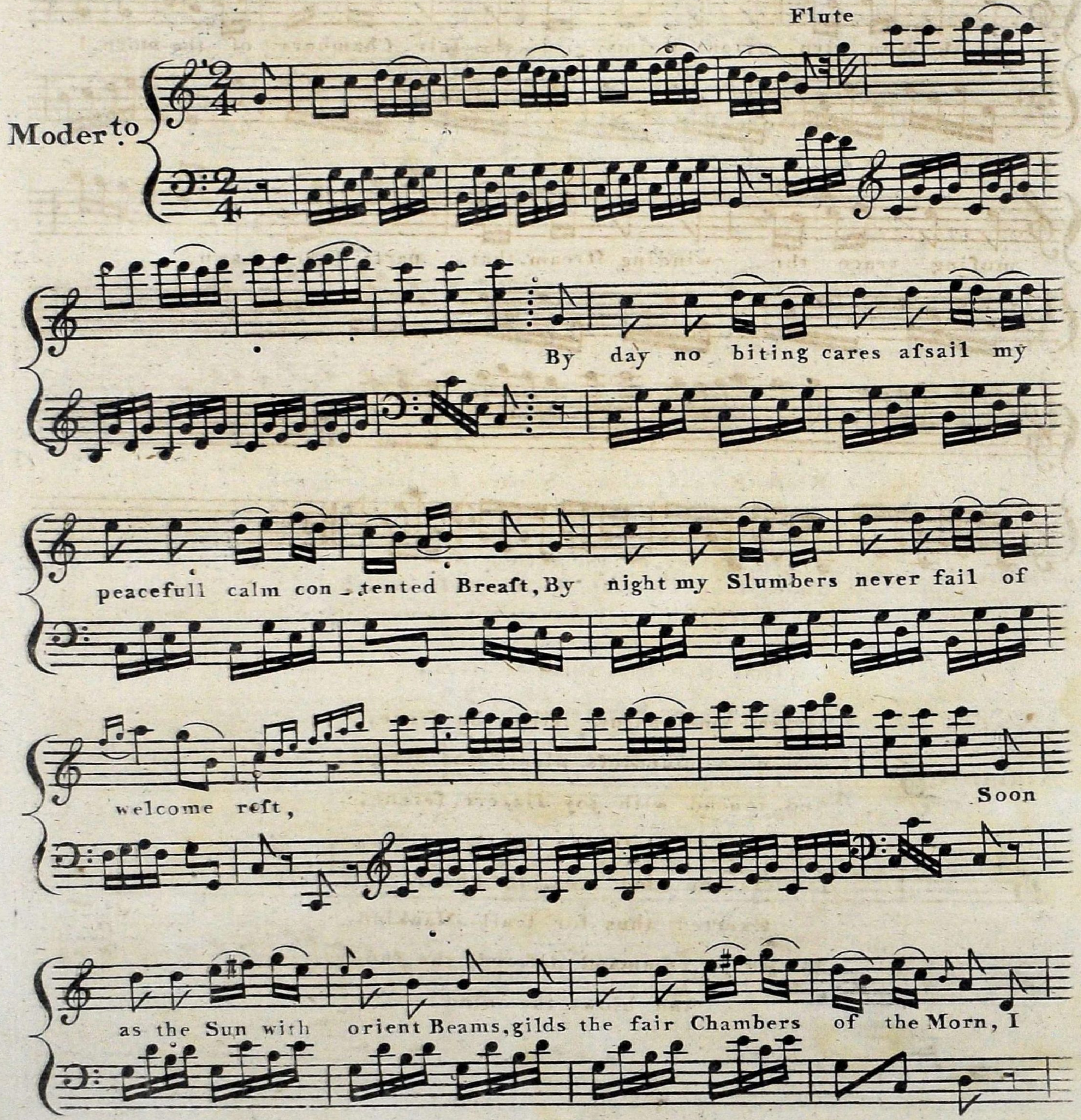
Bleft Scenes where Nature fmiling reigns,
Where Shepherds love to dwell,
Amongft the Hills, or fertile plains,
In Valley, or the Dale,
There, true Content the choiceft wealth,
Which Heav'n all bounteous gives,
Is ever found, the greateft Blifs,
That Man has, while he lives.

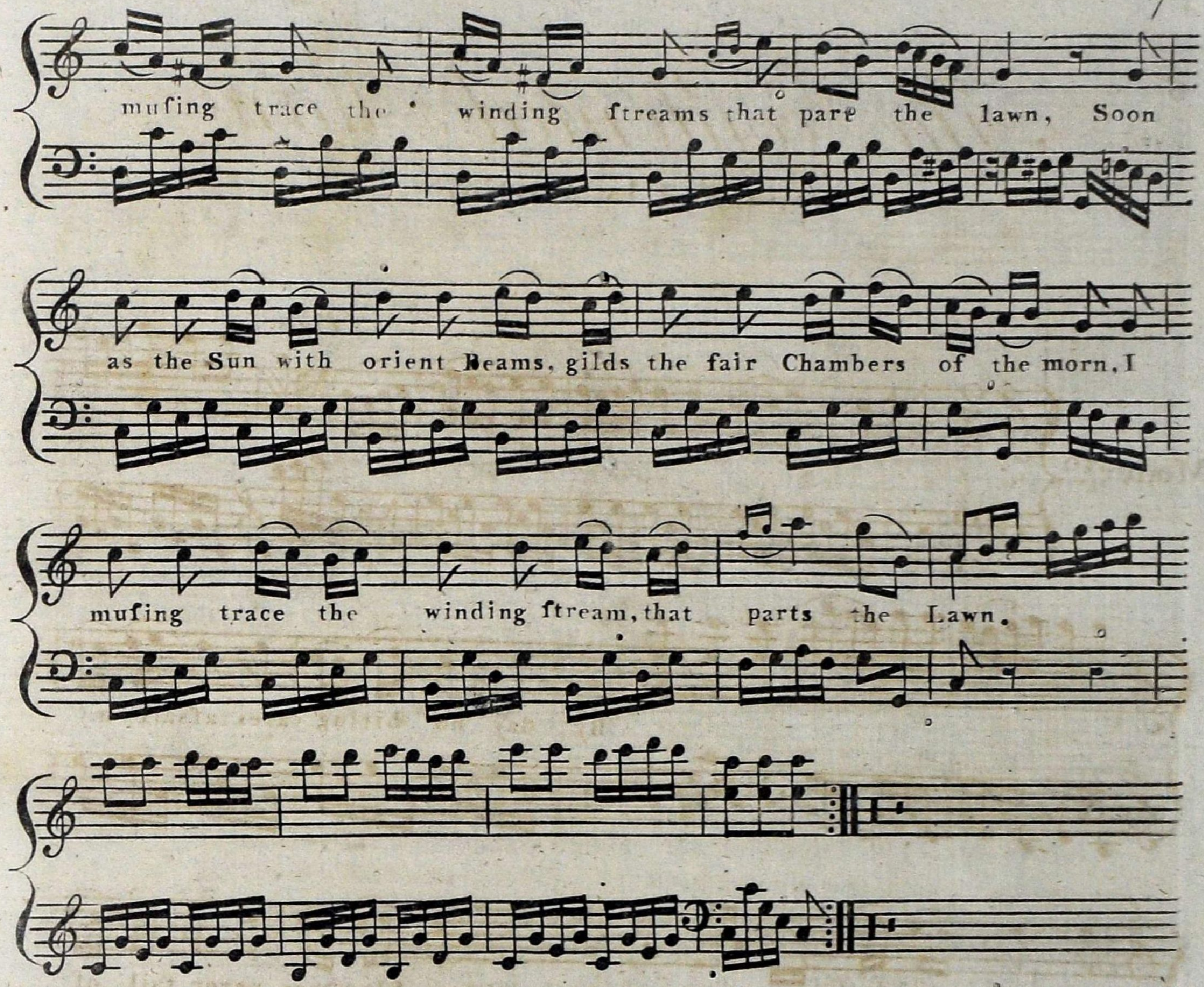
**For the Ger: Flute**



# The contented Man

**Composed by Martini**



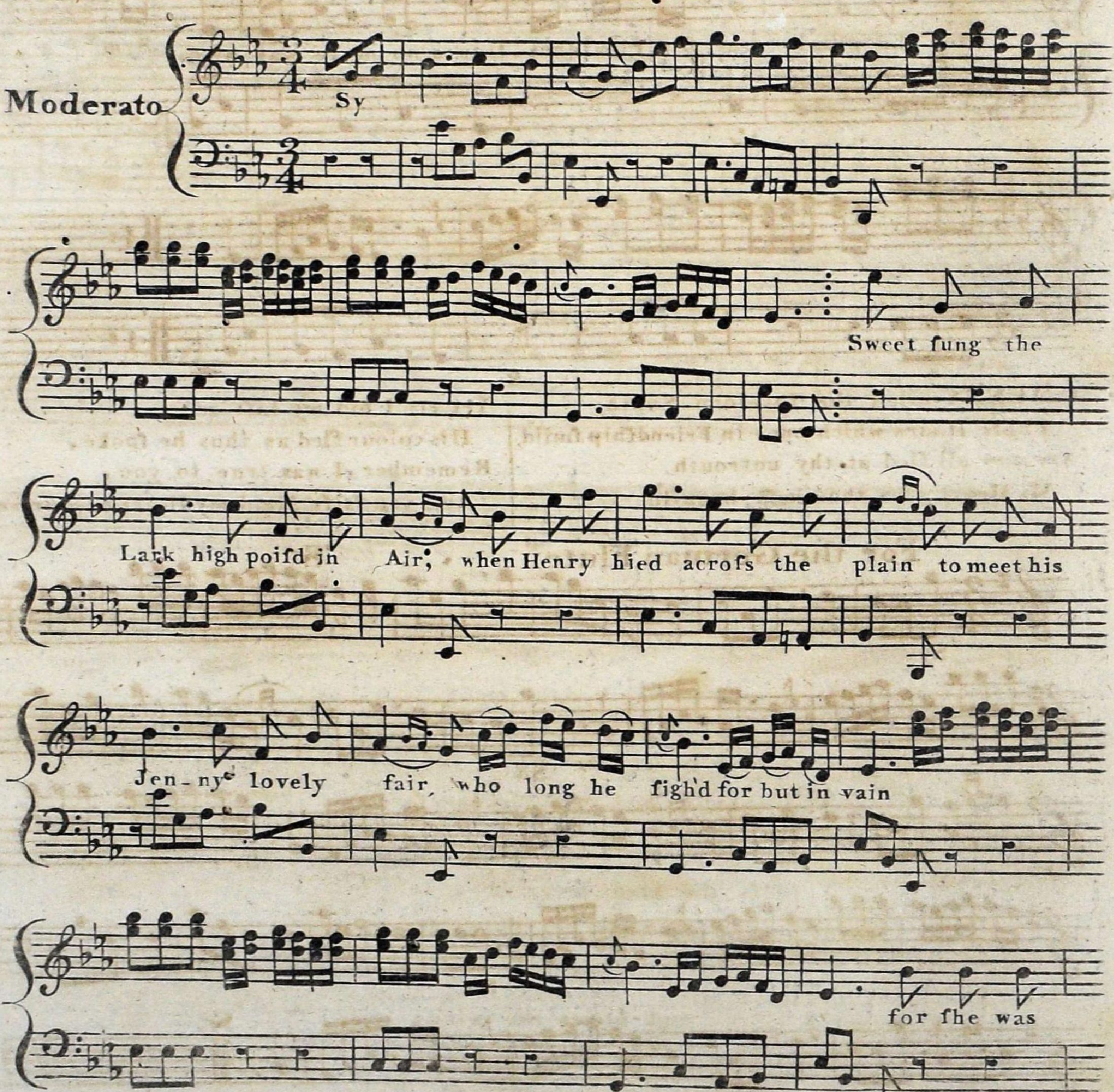


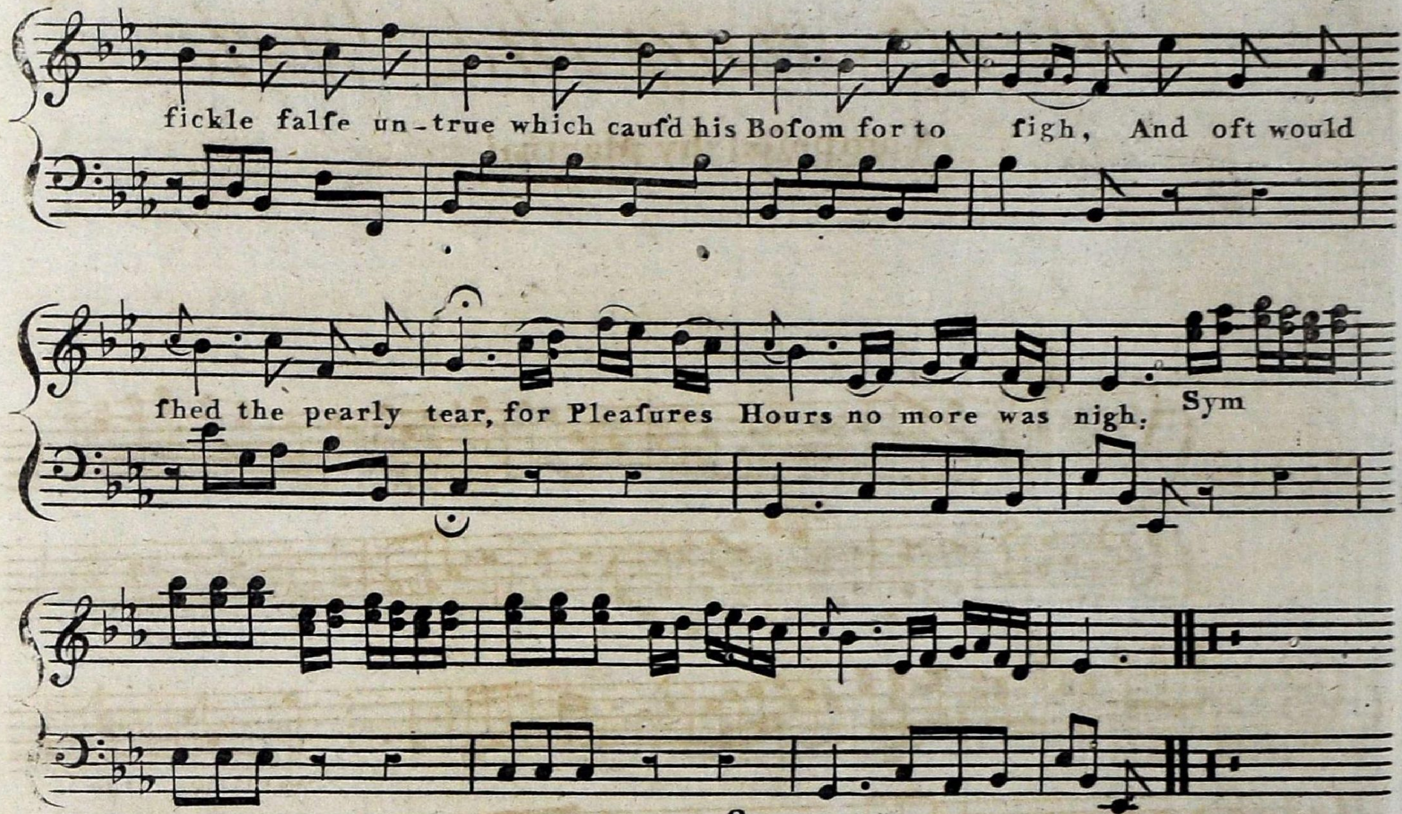

2

Around me nature fills the fcene,
With boundlefs plenty and delight,
And touch'd with joy fincere, ferene,
I blefs the fight,
I blefs the kind creating power,
Exerted thus for frail Mankind,
At whofe command defcends the fhow'r,
And blows the wind.

# Sweet sung the Lark

**Compoſed by Martini**



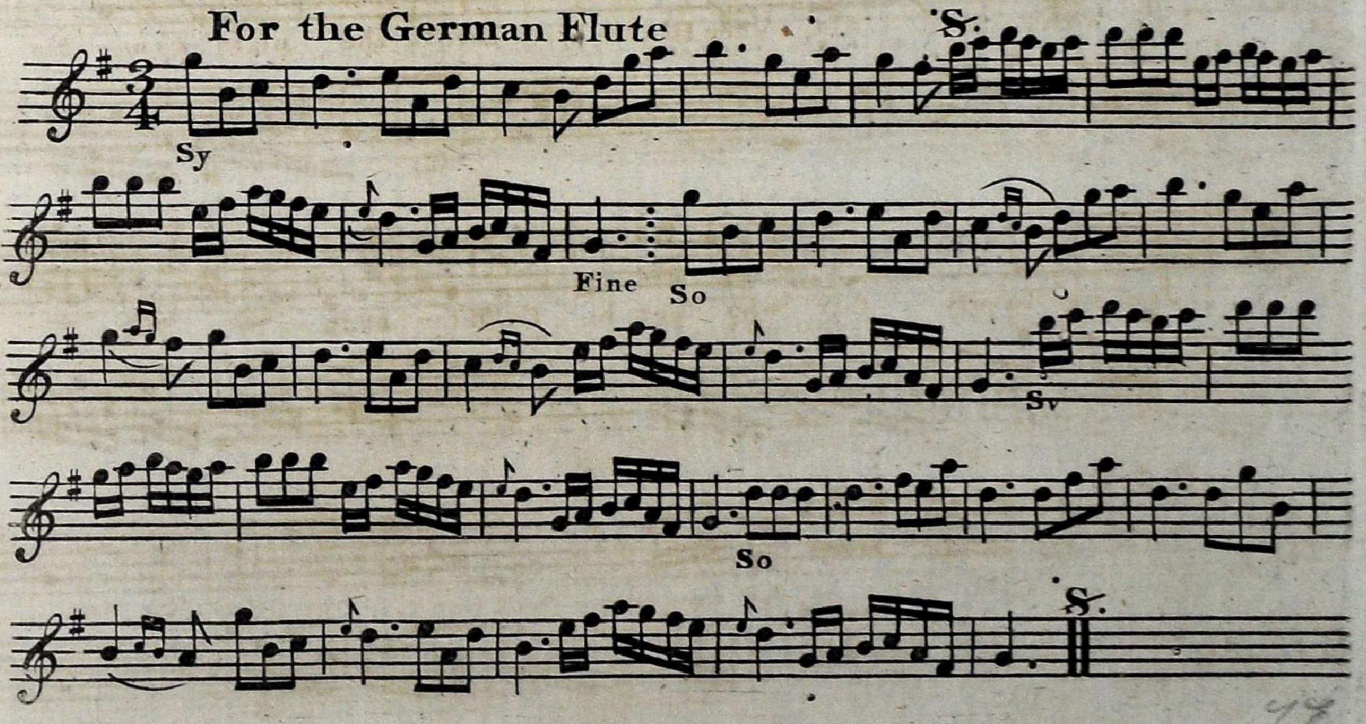



2

Ah! JENNY cried the lovelorn Youth,
Thoſe Hours which once in Friendſhip ſmil'd,
Are now all fled at thy untrouth,
My Heart alas thou haſt beguil'd,

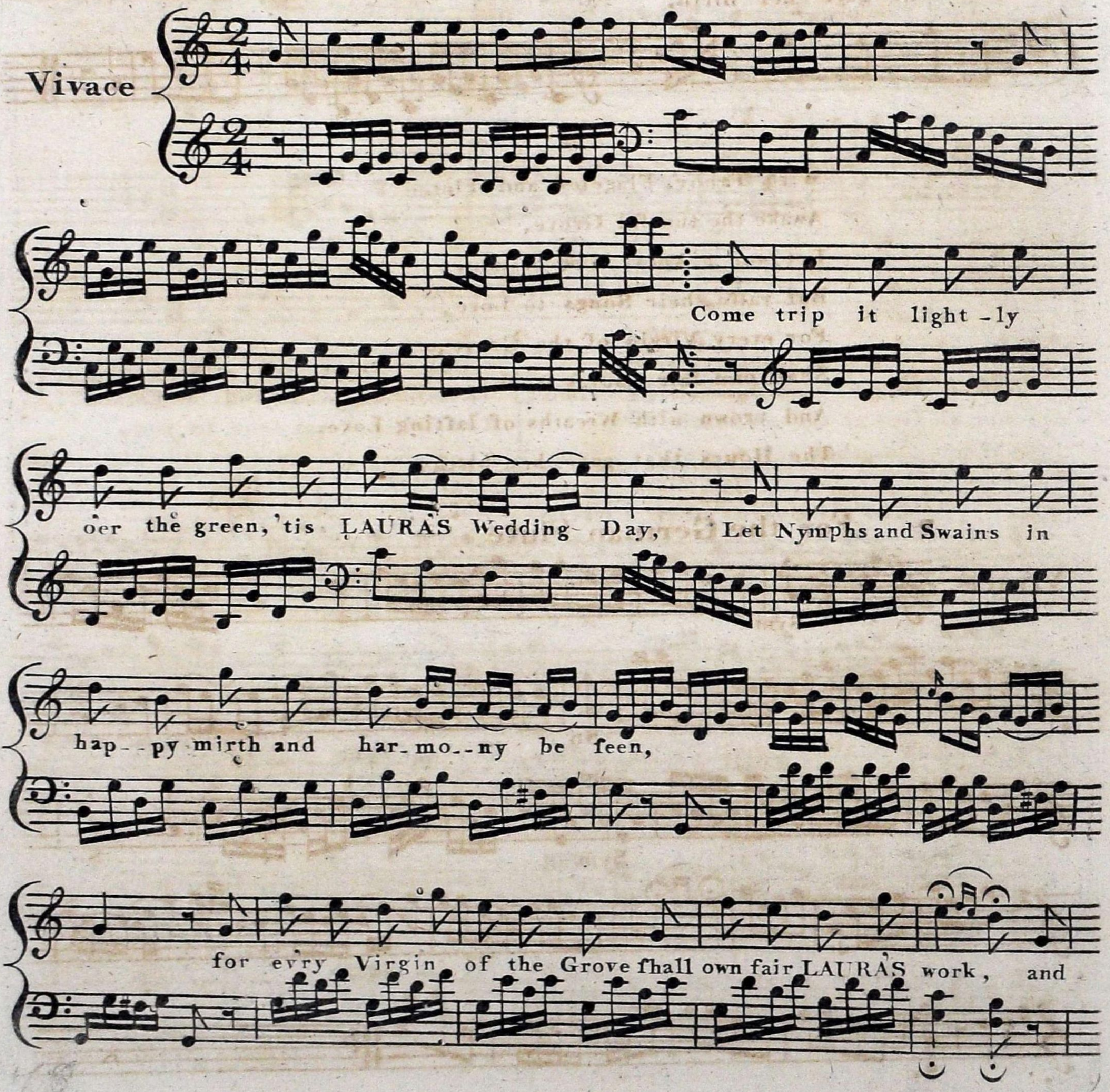
Yet ere I bid my laſt adieu,
His colour fled as thus he ſpoke,
Remember I was true to you,
And you falſe Maid my Heart have broke

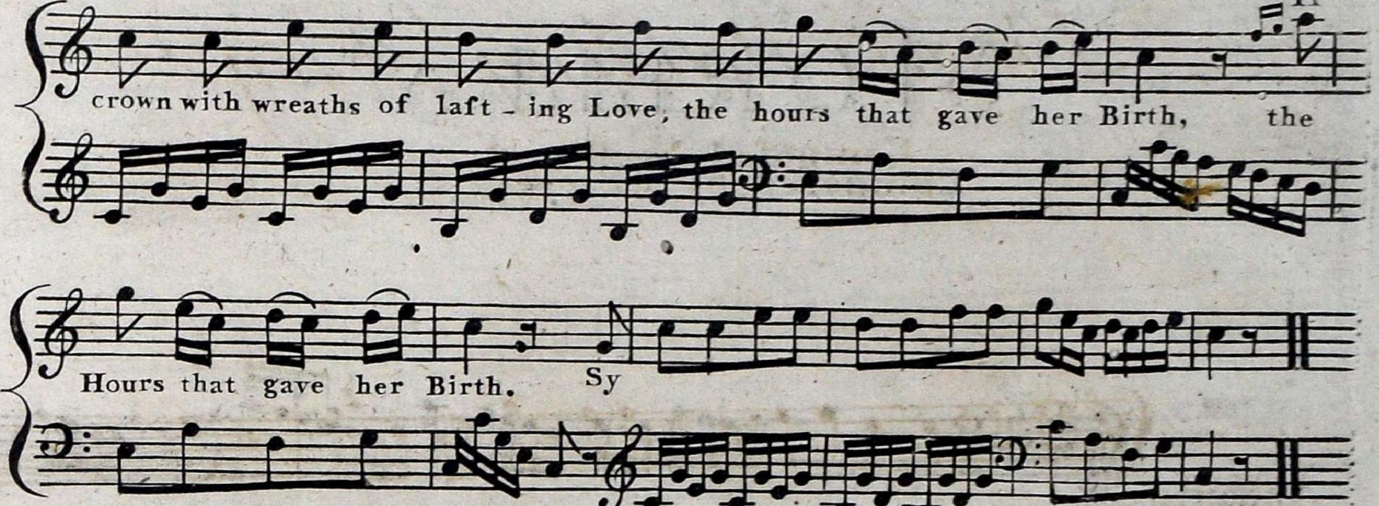
## For the German Flute



# Laura's Wedding Day

**Compofed by Pleyel**

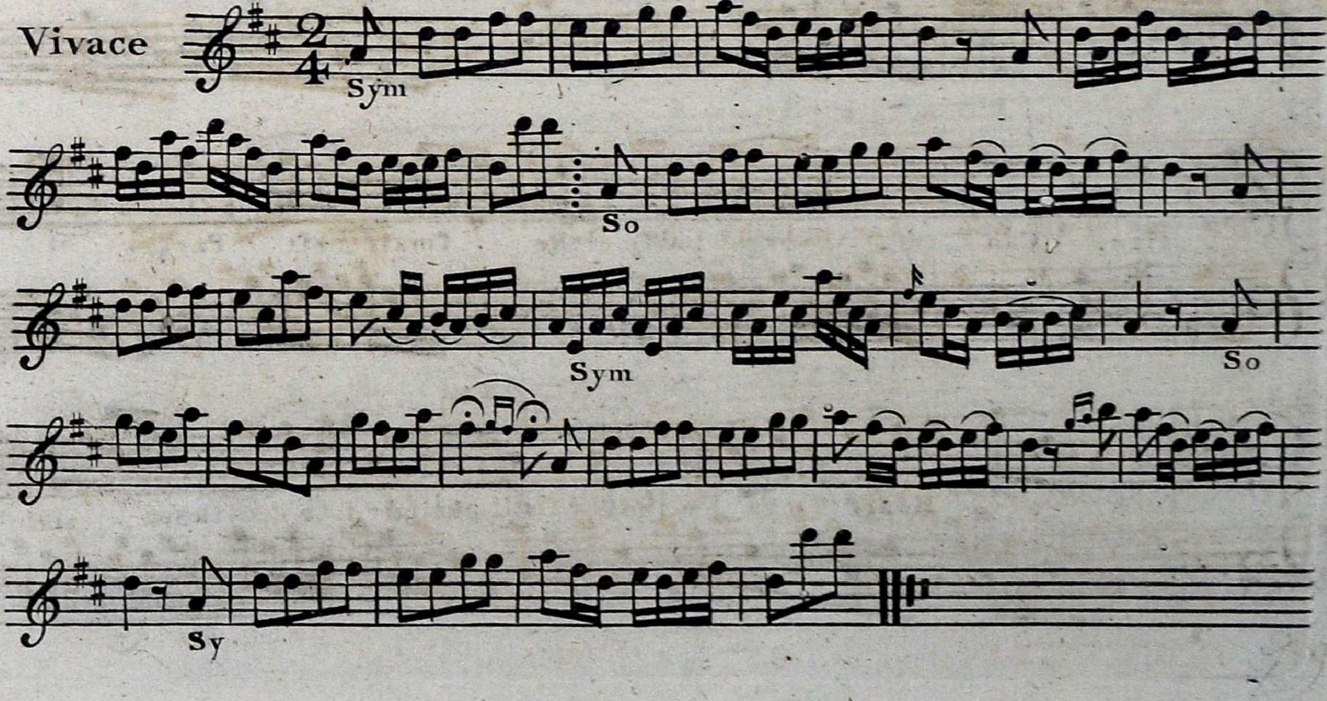





2

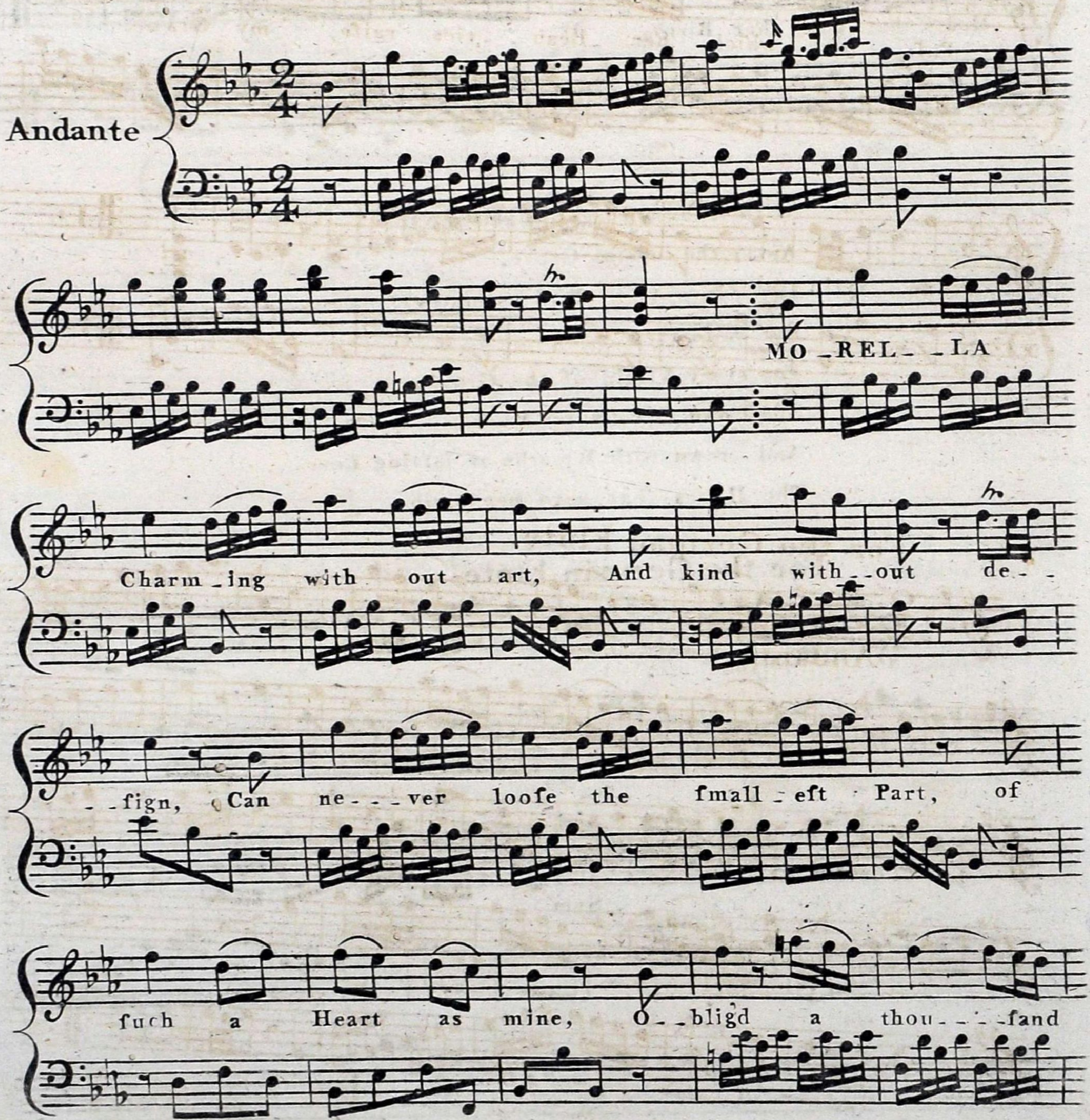
With Tabor, Flagelet, and Flute;
Awake the tuneful Grove,
Let not a Vocal Bird be mute,
But raife their Songs to Love,
For every Virgin of the Grove,
Shall own fair Laura's Work,
And crown with Wreaths of lafting Love,
The Hours that gave her birth.

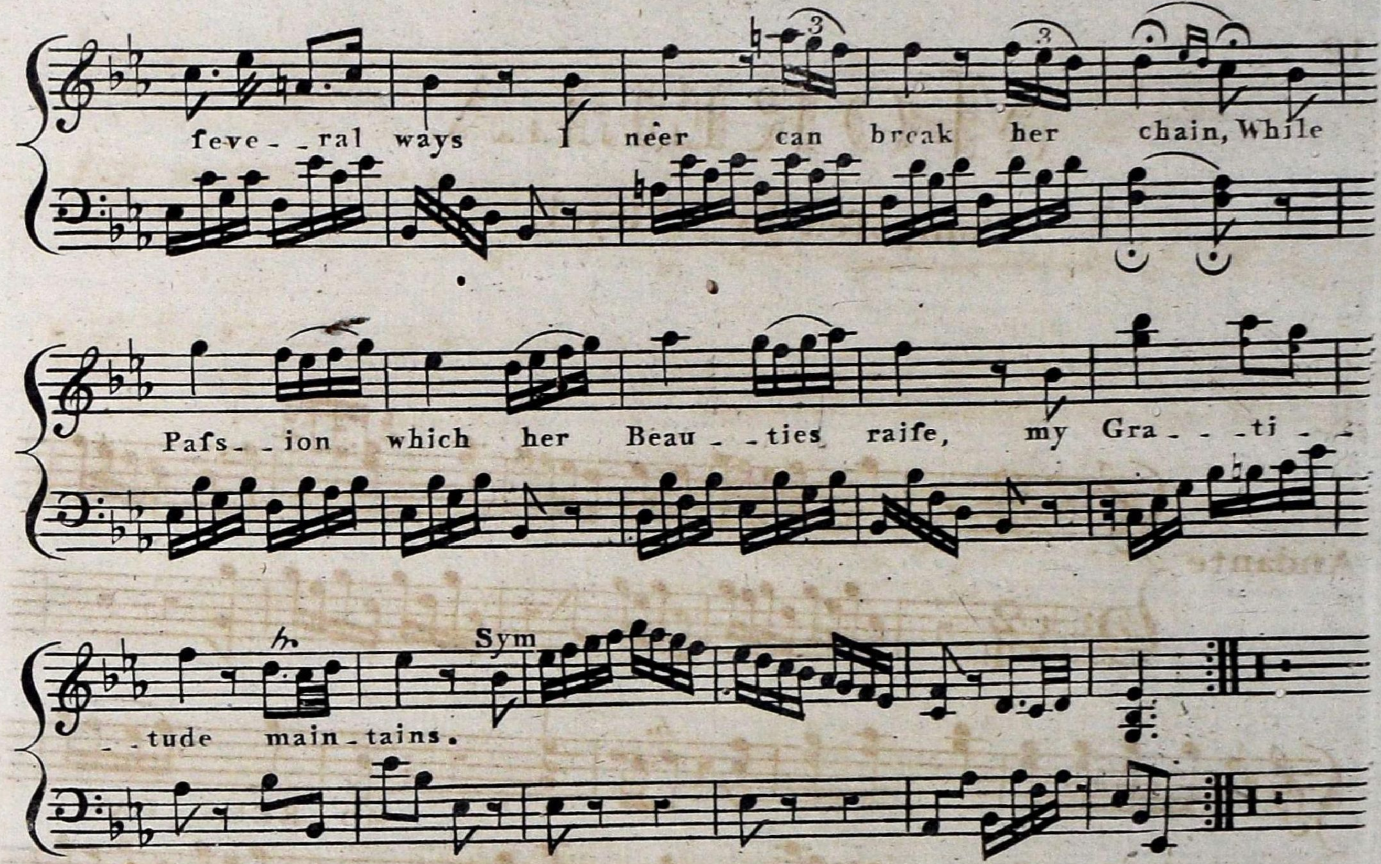
## For the German Flute

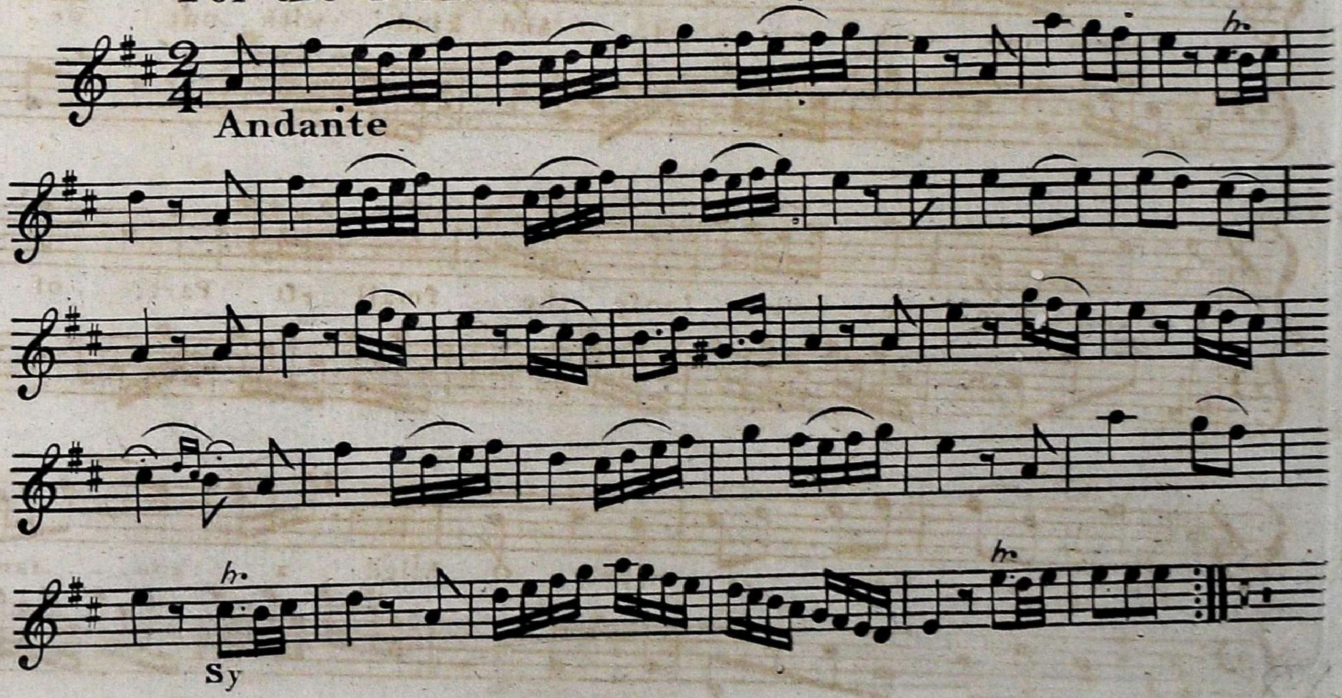


# MORELLA

Composed by I.Pleyel.






For the German Flute.